

THE
MUSE'S
MEMORIAL,

Of the Right Honourable

Earl of Oxford,

Lord High Treasurer of *GREAT BRITAIN*.

Written by Mr. TATE,
Poet Laureat to Her MAJESTY.

*O Mibi tam longæ maneat Pars ultima Vitæ,
Spiritus &, quantum sat erit Tua dicere Facta!*

Virg.

L O N D O N :

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M E M O R I A L,

Of the Right Honourable
Earl of Oxford, &c.

-----*Quæ in Nemora, aut quos agor in Specus,
Velox Mente nova?* Hor.

A Lawrel'd Bard, with Wrongs and Years Oppress'd,
Yet for his Ruin'd COUNTRY more Distress'd,
Stole to a Desert, not to seek Relief,
But feed Resentment, and indulge his Grief.
That Solitary Sympathizing Seat
The pensive Shepherd chose for his Retreat ;
Where just Complaint might Rave in open Air,
Wild as the Winds, and Lawless as Despair.
A Rock his Pillow, wither'd Moss his Bed,
Elysian Visions from his Fancy fled,
And Dismal Scenes Revolving in his Head :
Distracted Scenes, to make the Furies Smile,
Yet lately Acted on GREAT BRITAIN's Isle :

Old *Saturn's* Self, flock'd at a Sight so Strange,
 Stopt his Career to gaze on such a Change ;
 August *BRITANNIA* to a *Spectre* worn,
 Her Rivals Envy once, but now their Scorn :
 Uneasy, here, with Home-bred *F A C T I O N* made,
 Abroad, for Commerce, *W A R* her only Trade ;
 Fond of that Traffick, to her Realm's Decrease ;
 Jealous lest *Mars* his Murd'ring Musick Cease ;
 Scar'd with no Sounds but *Halcyon*-Songs of *P E A C E*.

Thus, with prepost'rous Fate, to Ruin run,
 Beggard by Conquests, by Success undone ;
 Ambitious only of *Expensive* Toils,
 She yields her Partners the Dear-Purchas'd Spoils.

Who would not think, in such Contempt of *Gain*,
 That *Britons* Antient Honour still Retain ?
 Not so ; for * *Modesty* and *Truth* are fled,
 With Gen'rous *PUBLIC SPIRIT* ; in their stead,
 Fraud, Violence, and Avaritious Rage,
 All the dire Symptoms of an Iron Age.
 The common Stream of Wealth, whose Circling Tide
 Our Island's barren Provinces Supply'd,
 Drawn off by Griping Hands, and Private Dreins,
 To rich Inclosures, while they Starve the Plains.

* — Fugere Pudor, Verumq;, Bonumq;,
 In quorum subiere Locum, Fraudescq; Doliq;
 Insidiæq;, & Vis, & Amor Sceleratus Habendi. *Ovid.*

Pharoah's Lean Kine devour'd the Fat--- The Scene
Is alter'd now--- The Fat devour the Lean :
O Gen'rous Patriots of the Public Good,
Restore your fainting Country's Vital Flood,
And Squeeze the Spunges of the Nation's Blood!

Such was the Season, when the Swain withdrew,
To bid the Muses and Mankind Adieu ;
His Pipe into the fullen Lake he flung,
Upon a Blasted Bough his Harp was hung,
That on its Master brought Inhumane Wrongs,
For teaching Thankless *Albion* *SAL E M's* Songs.

But most Concern'd to find the * Leading Light
Of *Britain's* Orb Remov'd, unjust Affright
Threatning her Region with † Eternal Night.
All (who his Salutory Influence knew
On Public Welfare) sad Prognosticks drew,
Portentous Omens, when Malignant Hate
Could shroud the Guardian-Glory of our State.
Our *CTNTHIA's* Self, into her Silent Bow'r
(No more was then in Royal *CTNTHIA's* Pow'r)
Retreated to Lament the Dismal Hour.

* *Mr. Secretary*
Harley.

† ——— *Æternam timerunt Sæcula Noctem. Virg.*

No Wonder therefore that the Muses wept,
 And clad in Sables silent Vigils kept ;
 Retir'd, but not, as heretofore, to Sing
 At their lov'd Mansion, *ARDEN*'s shady Spring :
 Needs must the Rest in fullen Silence Sit,
 When the Gay Nymph of spritely Mirth and Wit,
 No Visits from her Votary wou'd Admit.

Thus of *THALIA*'s chearful Aid bereft,
 And now to Sorrow's Artless Dictates left,
 The Bard the swelling Passion of his Soul,
 Commiffion'd in disorder'd Rage to rowl ;
 Then on his *CELL*'s unpolisht Marble wrote
 This *RHAPSODIE* of more unpolisht Thought ;
 Whose rude Performance may (if not of Art)
 Leave the *MEMORIAL* of a Grateful Heart.

Unhappy *BRITAIN*! And deserv'dly so,
 Because your Happiness you will not know ;
 Perverfly Wretched, when you may be Blest ;
 Of Pain Impatient, yet refusing Rest :
 Who Prodiggally cast a Prize Away,
 For which, in Vain, your Rival-Nations Pray !

Remember

Remember how, when First the *PHOSPHER* Blaz'd,
 Your Realms upon the Dazling Wonder Gaz'd ;
 A Genius that cou'd get the Start of Time,
 And Learning's *PANDECT* prove in Youthful Prime.
 Who Liberal Arts, and All so Early, Gain'd,
 As if Inspir'd, not Studiously Obtain'd :
 Severer Sciences He chiefly Priz'd,
 Nor yet the Muses Airy Walks Despis'd ;
 Their Charter was the *British* *POLLIO*'s Care,
 And when to their Calm Seats He did repair,
 * *Apollo* Rose and Offer'd Him the Chair.

Well might the Muses Him their *Phæbus* call,
 Whose Beams of Favour shone so frank to All ;
 On courtly Nymphs, of celebrated Art,
 And Mine, + tho' Rural, was allow'd her Part :
 His Smiles improv'd the Verdure of her Bays,
 Taught her so well the *Sylvan* Strain to raise,
 That the pleas'd *Pallas* listen'd to her Layes.

When first into his Presence we were brought,
 The Solemn Aspect shew'd his Working Thought ;
 From whence we did the sure Prefages draw,
 And in the *Youth* the future *Statesman* saw.

* ——— Viro, Phœbi Chorus assurexerit Omnis. *Virg.*

† Pollio amat Nostram, quamvis sit Rustica, Musam. *Virg.*

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How Copious and Delightful his Discourse !
 Yet Sinew'd with a Græcian Sage's Force ;
 An Age on ev'ry Sentence we cou'd Dwell :
 Yet soft and delicate the Language fell,
 Like Flakes of feather'd Snow, or full-blown Flow'rs
 Shed from Elyfian, or Etherial Bow'rs.

O Judgment ! Memory ! Capacious Seas,
 Where Learning's whole *Armada* Rides at Ease ;
 Law, History, Squadrons of Claffic Wit,
 With First-Rate Oracles of *Sacred* Writ ;
 That Mirrour brought Discov'ries to his View,
 Whence such un-erring Rules of State he drew :
 Princes such Politics can safely Trust,
 On the firm Pillars rais'd of WISE and JUST.

How cou'd we Launch on a high Sea of Praise,
 But Modesty her strict Embargo lays.
 Well ; We submit to Orders, and comply
 To pass the *Personal* Endowments by,
 But PUBLIC Merit is a Charm too strong ;
 When Public Service claims the Poet's Song,
 Silence is Sacrilege, and Public Wrong.

In Honour's Paths, that lasting Fame procure,
How swift Advances made, and yet how Sure !
How Early to *G R E A T B R I T A I N*'s Senate call'd !
How Early in her Awful Chair Install'd !
How Difficult the Province then engag'd !
When Discord and contending Parties Rag'd :
So *C A T O* did *Rome*'s Capitol Adorn,
C I C E R O her State, when into Factions torn ;
Such Spirits are for such a Season Born.
The meanest * Pilot, when the Skies are Clear ,
And Seas Untroubled, can securely Steer :
But he that would the skillful Part perform,
Must know to Stem and Manage in a Storm.
Sedately *O U R S* the wrangling Winds withstood,
Stemm'd the Cross-Currents of th' impetuous Flood,
And always gain'd his Port of *P U B L I C G O O D*.

How shall our Song his Services relate
When rais'd to a Sublimar Sphere of State ?
The Menag'ry that Queen and People pleas'd ;
Made Subjects Safe, of Cares the Sov'reign eas'd.
But as in Nature's Projects we are Taught
By their Effects, how Wisely She had Wrought,
Our Stateman's so were by Success approv'd,
Tho' none perceiv'd the Springs by which He mov'd.

* ——— Cum Ratem in Pelago sua
Fert Aura cursum regere Mediocris valet
Puppis Magister ; Artis eximia est Opus
Cum dubia Ventos inter incertos Hyems,
Flagellat Undas, &c. *Grot.*

Could envious Faction see such Merit shine,
 And Forge no Plots his Fame to Undermine?
 Yes; All that Crafty Malice could Design.
 And when her prying Sight no Flaw cou'd spy,
 She made her Thunder-Bolts of *Scandal* fly:
 Yet He to no Tribunal did Appeal
 But * Conscience, to Attest his Loyal Zeal;
 In that Impartial Court his Cause he try'd,
 And always had the Verdict on his Side:
 Hence, like a Summer-Morn Serene and Mild,
 His gen'rous Charity, when Foes revil'd,
 Pitty'd the Spight, and at the Slanders smil'd.
 That terminated in the Sland'rer's Shame,
 And brighter Blazon of the Patriot's Fame.
 So great † *Alcides* found his Toils renew,
 When sweet Repose his Labours should ensue,
 Had the worst Monster *Envy* to subdue.

Frown not ye Sons of *Mars*, that thus we dare
 Worthies of State with Warriours to compare;
 Well have you Fought, nor have the Poets stood
 Idle Spectators while you Bath'd in Blood;
 But climb'd *Parnassus* Steeps, where Lawrels grow
 For Conqu'ring Chiefs to wear, and Poets to bestow.

* Mens sibi Conscia Recti. *Virg.*
 † ——— Diram qui contudit Hydram,
 Notaq; fatali Portenta Labore subegit.
 Comperit *Invidiam* supremo sine domari. *Hor.*

Yet in the Glorious Charge they undertake,
If Statesmen have, like You, Renown at Stake,
Must equal *Conduct*, equal *Courage* shew,
Let Our State-Hero have his Triumph too ;
For sleepless Nights and Days consum'd in Cares,
His pillag'd Country's Ruins to repair ;
To see the Ravages of War redrest,
And set the Wrangling, Weary World at Rest.

O what ! Such Truth and by such Tests approv'd,
Yet from *Great Britain's* Guardianship *Remov'd*?
Fame sound your Trumpet, call th' Accomplish'd Man
The Course to finish He so well began,
To fill your fainting Sphere with Vital Heat,
And make the Circle of Renown complete :
Why in the silent Region of his Mind
Should Thousand ripe Projections Sleep confin'd ?
O let 'em Sally, you'll see Wonders done,
To startle Glory and amaze the Sun ;
Schemes that on Unborn Ages shall entail
Vast Benefits, and last till Time shall fail.

Hear me, August *BRITANNIA*, nor Disdain
The just Remonstrance of your Loyal Swain,
Can such a Loss with your Condition Suit?
Your Stars of the First Magnitude compute.

You'll

Yet shall your Antient Lustre still renew ;
 If but the Muse's *Maxim* you'll pursue,
 The never-failing Test of Public Trust,
 That, GEN'ROUS SPIRITS ever will be JUST.

Thus all Disconsolate the Shepherd lay,
 In sad Amusements spent the tedious Day,
 And when the Canopy of Night was spread,
 Out-wept the Dew, and Sigh'd the Stars to Bed.
 Till Rous'd with a surprizing Trumpet's Sound,
 'Twixt Rage and Joy he started from the Ground :
 Gay Lightning thro' the gloomy Forest glanc'd,
 The rustling Boughs in waving Lustre danc'd ;
 Then smiling FAME her flying Charriot stopt,
 And at his Cell this hasty Message dropt.

Rise pensive Shepherd, and New-string your Lyre,
 To sing a Theme that will your Song Inspire ;
 The Blessing's come that you so long Implor'd,
 GREAT BRITAIN's Salutory STAR's Restor'd.
 Summon'd a Higher Region to Ascend,
 That *farther* his kind Influence may extend ;
 And, as in Station, so in Splendour grown,
 To Blaze more Bright, tho' not to Blaze Alone :
 With Him, a Set of STARS their Aspects join,
 And in Auspicious CONSTELLATION shine ;

But

But their *Respective* Glories to display
The Muse Reserves to Crown her *next* Essay.
Her present Task is briefly to relate
What Wonders on this bright Conjunction wait ;
Where *CYNTHIA*'s Self her Sov'raign Beams displays,
To gild th' Assembly, and Sublime their Rays ;
And tho' the Planets of *Malignant* Force,
Cabal to Countermand their glorious Course,
Yet shall their Projects prosperously proceed,
And Time confirm the Counsels they Decreed ;
Till charm'd *BELLONA* bids her Thunder Cease,
And *MARS* shall listen to the Songs of *PEACE*.
To these Events their Consult works it's Way,
All Husht as Night, yet Active as the Day.

O *SECRETIE*, how has thy silent Night
Like Chaos brought a Beauteous World to Light !
The Wheels of common Safety thou hast kept
In Artful Motion, while the Nations slept,
Till with surprizing Transport they shall wake
Their Dividends of Welfare to partake ;
And for a Signal that their Joys are sure,
The * Pledge is pass'd that will the Bliss procure ;
The Revolution we so long Implor'd,
Her Salutary *STAR* to *BRITAIN*'s Orb Restor'd.

* *Dun-*
kirk.

D

Thus

Thus F A M E---- The Tidings did the Bard inspire,
 And shot thro' his cold Veins *Poetic* Fire ;
 The Public Shouts made his *Old G E N I U S* start,
 And in the Triumph to perform a Part.

So the disabled * Steed that hears from far
 His Youth's Delight, the spritely Din of War,
 The Clash of Swords, the Rattling of the Spears,
 The Groans of Trampled Earth, and Thund'ring Spheres ;
 While he, Inglorious, to a Cell's confin'd,
 Spent with past Service, and with Age declin'd ;
 Yet Conscious of his former Force and Flame,
 He Stamps, and Frets and Foams with gen'rous Shame ;
 'Till to decisive Rage the Battle's grown,
 And Courage cries--- '*Come on, the Day's our Own.*
 When for the last Effort, the Trumpets sound
 So loud a Charge, as shakes the Mountains round ;
 These Signals heard, disdains to be Controul'd,
 Strains his Reserves of Strength, and breaks his Hold,
 With no Caparison, but Fury, Steel'd,
 He Neighs at the Alarm and Rushes to the Field.

* Sicut fortis Equus spatio qui sæpe supremo
 Vicit Olympia, nunc Senio confectu quiescit.

So says old Ennius, on which Tully thus Remarks :
 Equi fortis & Victoris Senectuti comparat suam.

Desist dull Bard, give o'er the Chyming Trade,
'Tis Phrensie to Engage when Strength's Decay'd ;
Or if resolv'd the desp'rate Chance to try,
Implore th' Assistance of some strong Ally ;
Some Potentate of Wit, whose fix'd Renown
With a meer Mention can bear Censure down.

O *GRANVILLE*, (*GRANVILLE* to the Muses still
Fond of the Name that has Adorn'd their Hill,
Now from *Parnassus* to the Pallace call'd,
And with Illustrious *LANSDOWN*'s Name install'd,)
Resume, or lend us your harmonious Lyre,
Whose Melody cou'd coldest Beauty Fire,
And made our Muse's * Master to Admire.

}
*MrWaller.

Vouchsafe at least our † tim'rous Song to Guide,
So shall she Sail in all her Naval Pride ;
Like yours to fav'ring Gales she shall Display
Her Flaggs and Streamers to out-blaze the Day.
Till *Tritons* answer with their twisted Shells,
And Charm the *Nereids* from their Chrystal Cells ;
While gazing Crowds, from Shoar the Pomp pursue,
And leaping *Dolphin*'s catch a distant View.

† — Tu timidæ dirige Navis Iter.
Says Ovid, meaning by Ship, the Poem he was then Writing.

O, could our groveling Muse like yours Aspire,
 A Dytherambic Rage should shake the Lyre,
 And Rapture Dance upon the warbling Wire:
 The willing Words in tuneful Order fall,
 As Marble-Rows, at Musick's charming Call,
 Danc'd from the Quarry to the *Theban* Wall.
 Could she, as Yours was wont, with tow'ring Wing,
 The Best of QUEEN's and Best of PATRIOT's sing,
PIRENE's Stream should Envy *ARDEN's* Spring.
 * Not Summer-Breezes wou'd Delight us more,
 Nor Winter-Oceans when they cease to Roar,
 And Rock their forward Waves asleep upon a *Halcyon-*
 Shoar.

* Namneque me tantum Venientis Sibilus Austri,
 Nec percussa juvant Fluctu tam Littora, &c.

Virg.



F I N I S.

